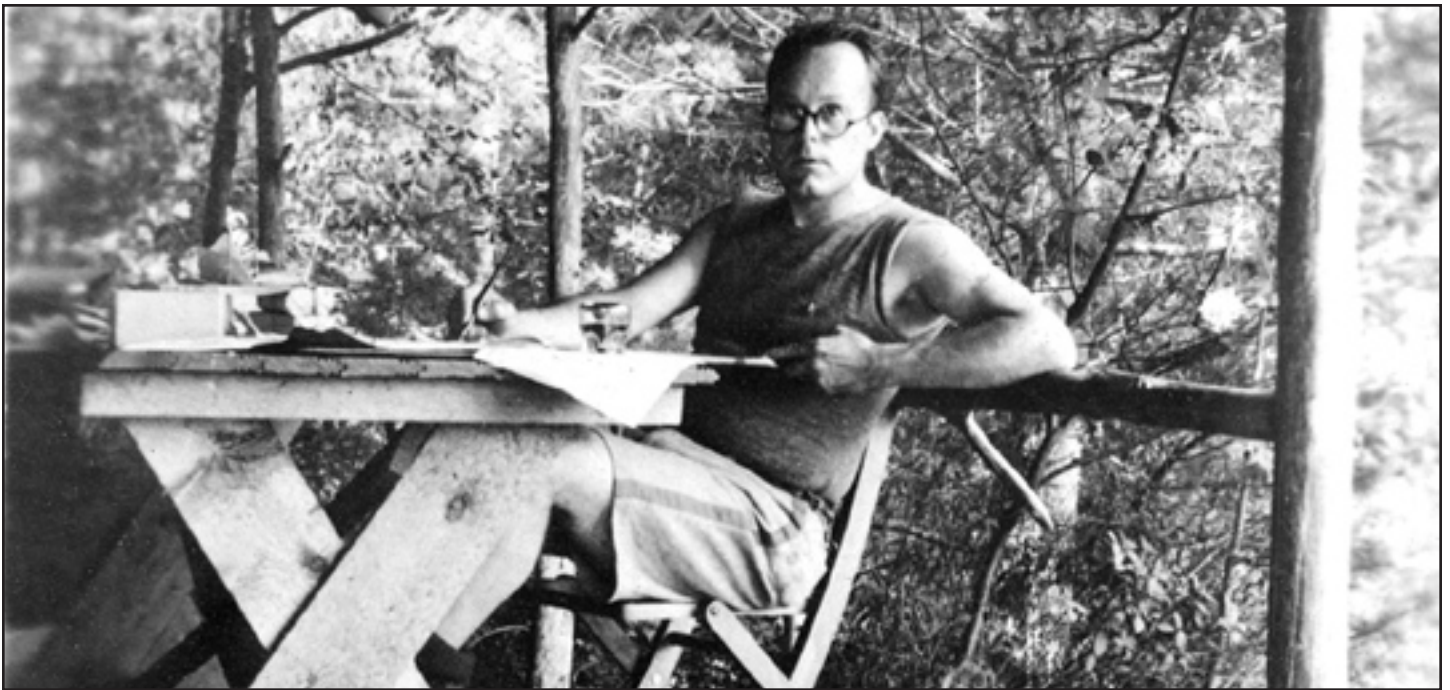


# White Birch

Camp Pasquaney

Winter 2007



*This photo, taken before he was director, is a rare shot of Mr. Teddy in his role as Pasquaney's key administrator under Mr. Ned and through the 1930s.*

## Teddy Jackson, Forty-five Years of Devoted Service “The Manager” was a Superb Organizer, Athlete, Teacher, Singer & Friend

*by Dick Beyer*

At Pasquaney's Centennial Celebration in 1994, Charlie Stanwood chose to speak about Teddy Jackson, Mr. Teddy. In an address to the 700 alumni and friends Charlie began his talk at the Saturday night banquet by saying, “It is no exaggeration to say that, had it not been for this man, we would not now be having a hundredth celebration.”

To learn more about this key figure of Pasquaney's first half-century, I have spoken with six alumni from the 1930s and three close friends of camp who knew Teddy, and have read Pop Watson's memorial talk and Mr. Charlie's comments in *Portrait of Pasquaney*.

Edward William Cecil Jackson was one of the first boys signed up by Mr. Ned in 1895. He served forty-five straight summers at Pasquaney, five as a camper, thirty-three as a counsellor,

and seven as Director. As a camper, he was immediately well-liked, and elected captain of the baseball team in 1895. His outstanding athletic abilities also led to the General Excellence award that year.

Teddy joined the council in 1900 while attending Harvard, and Mr. Ned quickly turned to him for help in running the administrative affairs of camp. Charlie Stanwood wrote that even in his first year on the council, Teddy “started to take responsibility for such things as food orders, planning the work of caretakers, keeping the accounts, and arranging the travel.” After Harvard, he started a short, successful career in teaching, first at Milton Academy, then at The Haverford School, near Philadelphia. In 1915, his Haverford students dedicated



*Mr. Teddy leading the Opening Ceremonies on Hobbs Field for the Boys vs. Council game in 1939.*

their yearbook to Teddy with an inscription that described him as “a cheerful optimist whose untiring efforts on our behalf hath shamed the lazy, encouraged the fainthearted, and inspired the ambitious.”

In 1917, Mr. Ned, who had a clear distaste for the business side of camp, persuaded Teddy to leave teaching to work full-time for camp. His job description said he’d be “the

manager, steward and overseer of the Eastbourne Estate and Camp Pasquaney.” Nelson Adams recalls that he was often called the manager during the 1920s. The relationship between Mr. Ned and Teddy Jackson was certainly complimentary. Mr. Ned was clearly the leader. Teddy Jackson was content to stay in the background, serving Mr. Ned and making sure the details were done well. Charlie Stanwood admired “Teddy’s generous ability to pass on to Mr. Ned much of the praise and credit which a lesser man might have claimed for himself.”

Teddy was Director for just seven years, 1933 to 1939, but by all accounts he also ran the camp from 1929 to 1932 due to Mr. Ned’s declining health. He was officially named Director in Mr. Ned’s will, by which he also inherited all the camp property. Pasquaney did not become a nonprofit organization until the early 1940s, so any profit or loss belonged to Mr. Teddy.

Teddy’s years as director brought great challenges: He had to deal with the depression, when enrollment was down and many could not pay full tuition, and the great hurricane of 1938, the most devastating natural disaster ever to hit camp. Enrollment dropped from 100 in 1931 to 70 in 1932, but he built it back up

Pop described Teddy as “fun-loving, wholesome, clear-sighted” and as having “the least selfish spirit of friendship it has ever been my good fortune to know.”

to an all-time record of 104 in 1938. And when the September 1938, hurricane caused extensive damage to camp, he was able to muster the forces to make the repairs needed to open on schedule in 1939.

Even before becoming director Mr. Teddy was initiating changes to the camp program. In 1901, Teddy had been the one, as cox of the Harvard crew, who had talked Mr. Ned into starting a crew program, and he was the first coach. In 1931 he started the club system and created the junior council to run it. During the 1930s, Mr. Teddy made a number of changes to the camp programs, many of which survive today. He started the craft shop program in 1930 and added archery in 1933.

He introduced horseback riding in 1934 in an effort to boost enrollment. The Long Ride, a three-day ride through Hebron to the Mt. Cardigan valley, and a horseshow were part of the camp program through 1939.

As I talked with those who knew Teddy as Director, several comments were made over and over: He was devoted to the boys and he was a master organizer with a lot of energy. Many people recalled his small size. Pop Watson referred to him in his memorial chapel talk affectionately as “Little Teddy.” Pop, a neighbor of Teddy’s in Dorchester, Massachusetts, was a classmate of his at Boston Latin School and Teddy’s father was their Physics teacher. “Little Teddy had no difficulty in outdoing most of us in everything but size.” Even at school, Pop recognized Teddy’s amazing memory for details and said that he “was always accurate and thorough.” He also knew the names of the birds on the hillside “as intimately as many naturalists.” Pop described Teddy as “fun-



*Mr. Teddy (left) with Nick Bolton, age 12, in 1936. Last summer Nick had three grandsons at Pasquaney and three granddaughters at Onaway! Photo courtesy of Nick Bolton.*

loving, wholesome, clear-sighted,” and as having “the least selfish spirit of friendship it has ever been my good fortune to know.” Speaking of his relationship with Mr. Ned, Pop added, “I never heard either speak of the other, even when they disagreed, as they sometimes did, without deep affection and unbounded confidence.”

Mr. Teddy was coaxed into taking a lead role in several Gilbert and Sullivan extravaganzas beginning in 1935 and the *Annals* of those years marvelled at his “beautiful tenor voice.” Nick Bolton, who, at age 13 and 14, played the female lead opposite Teddy in *HMS Pinafore* (1936) and *Pirates of Penzance* (1937), stated, “we spent a lot of time together rehearsing. I don’t know how he did it and ran the camp, too.” Nick added, “I loved him. He gave such marvelous chapel talks.”

Skipper Tillson described Teddy as a “tiny, sparkly, feisty, busy, lovely man. Mr. Ned was my mentor and, as a counsellor, I worked as Teddy’s assistant in the 1930s.” Several people noted that Mr. Charlie and Skipper were Teddy’s chief assistants while he was Director.

around the dining room and put his hand on each boy’s head and said this is so and so. He was remarkable.” George also remembers being told to never touch the papers neatly piled on the floor when sweeping the shack. “He had a system.”

Nelson Adams knew Teddy from when he was big enough to remember. “He had great intelligence. He saved camp money by doing all the food buying himself. The cooks just cooked. He gave us tasks and trusted that we would get them done. He used to tell us jokes, some in a great Irish accent.”

Lisa Carpenter, niece of Fuzzy Kneeland, and Seton Lindsay O’Reilly, great-niece of Teddy, gave me some insight about Teddy and his wife, Eleanor, known to them as Nell. Lisa said, “Nell was a Southern beauty, taller than Teddy and rather inactive, while Teddy was smaller and very active.” Nell designed Camp Jackson, the lakeside home later inherited by her niece, Nancy Lindsay, and lived there with her four sisters while Teddy was at camp. “What a patient man he was with his wife and all those women.” She recalled Teddy as “a tiny, jolly



*Mr. Teddy (center at gunpoint) is the only director ever to perform in a Water Sports play, here the 1936 HMS Pinafore. Photo from the 1936 Annual.*

Baird McIlvain recalls Mr. Teddy meeting with the council every morning. “He was a good organizer who kept track of the minutist details day to day.” Ed Swenson remembers Teddy as a “cheerful man and a good leader who did a lot for camp.” Peter Ogden added that “Mr. Teddy did it all. He was a good administrator and very good at helping boys get through the day without exhausting themselves.”

George Kiefer recalled Teddy’s ability to name all the boys the first night of camp: “He walked

man. He had a delightful sense of humor and was very funny on the stage. He enjoyed making fun of himself.” He was very good friends with her uncle, Fuzzy Kneeland. “Fuzzy thought he saved the camp. He also thought Teddy’s work with Thorn King, a boy with extraordinary physical problems who lived with the Jacksons for a time, was his greatest achievement.” Teddy helped him overcome a speech problem and, Thorn went on to a successful business career. Thorn later bought and donated Cliffe Island to

the camp for use on expeditions.

The 1939 *Annual* editorial gives some insight into Teddy's leadership style in the final summer before he died, at age 59: "Through [Mr. Ned's] second-in-command, Mr. Teddy, who is now our Captain, the tradition has been carried on nobly and a gentler spirit in its application added. The counsellors' analysis of boy characters have been increasingly penetrating though their application more subtle." In his centennial speech, Mr. Charlie recalled his earliest memory of Teddy: "I was a hopelessly homesick new boy in 1921. Mr. Ned patted me on the shoulder and urged

me to try to be a man. Teddy Jackson put his arms around me, assured me that things would be better, and turned me over to an understanding COI who kept me so busy playing baseball and learning to swim that I soon decided that Pasquaney was not such a bad place after all. I am sure I needed both kinds of treatment." After Mr. Teddy's death in the Spring of 1940, Mrs. Jackson received a letter from the headmaster of the Haverford School, twenty-three years after he left the school, saying that Teddy was "the biggest little man he had ever known."

## Excerpts from a Chapel Talk by Mr. Teddy on Tradition

..It has been said that in this day of swift changes it is impossible to keep up old traditions, but although we belong to the "new era," we hold fast to Pasquaney traditions -- what we consider fundamentally best for our whole community. Nearly every old boy or counsellor who has lived a season or two here knows there is something about it which "gets" him. It is the appeal to express what is best in us; it is the inspiration that comes from contact with boys and young men "who are living a life that is hardy, who are living a life that is true," as our old camp song puts it -- a friendliness which makes the big boy interested in the youngster and the little fellow look up to and pattern his life according to the leadership of the older boy. It is the delightful feeling of comradeship we have for each other which develops into friendships that carry down the years to come. It is the gathering in Dana Hall night and morning for the simple prayers, the consciousness of our one big family as we sit at the table in Memorial Hall or enjoy the fun and fine arts of the Theatre; it is the repartee of our jolly counsellors; it is the fair play, the high standard of sportsmanship in our sports, for to be unsportsmanlike certainly has no place here.

It is the understood thing to perform a duty not only as a cog

in a wheel of the machinery but in many instances with a genuine spirit of service. It is the unusual reverence for this chapel, the sincerity of the service without the questioning of creed, with the accompaniment of the songs of birds instead of the noises of the city....

It is Pasquaney tradition to dwell occasionally upon the camp motto, "Stop and Think," to try to realize that we have the law of cause and effect, to measure the consequences of an action, to believe that though we are not yet old in life's experience, we can prevent trouble for ourselves and our little community here by stopping long enough to say to ourselves, "If I do this, what will happen? Will it mean good or harm? Is it worthy of a Pasquaney boy to try to put one over on someone else, to be sloppy in the care of our bunks, to do a duty poorly, to be neglectful of the property of others, uncontrolled in temper, a rotten loser, self-centered, selfish, picking faults in others when at fault ourselves, inconsiderate, thoughtless in injuring boats, canoes, and other equipment, a bully, ready to quarrel over trivial matters? Such characteristics are unlovely and unworthy of Pasquaney tradition. We do see them here. It is Pasquaney tradition, however, to work everlastingly to weed them out, for they are not a part of the beauty in life. It is this fight against the destructive enemies of Pasquaney tradition that

brings about a better young man....

Pasquaney tradition holds out the opportunity for the making of young men, true to all we hold dear here, prepared to face the life in the hurly-burly world, leaders in school and college, and, grateful, loyal, affectionate sons in the homes to which we are going in the four brief weeks that remain. There is much vitality expended here. We live in a busy hive and are all workers. Drones are not in style, and we have definite purposes: Happiness, Health, Character. Are we appreciative of the love and sacrifice of our parents who have made it possible for us to be here? Shall we show just a little more thankfulness to them? Shall we feel a secret joy in pleasing them a little more than ever before? Shall we see them leave this lovely country happier because we are growing up straight like the magnificent pines that reach heavenward, calm as the surface of our lake, steadfast as the mountains that surround us?

So, though we are busy as can be, let us really pause now and then to "stop and think" and try to pledge ourselves to hold fast to our traditions, to reverence the memory of him who founded Pasquaney in the land of the white birch -- our Mr. Ned -- and, may I say, make glad the heart of Mr. Teddy, who loves you all!

# Alumni News

*Alumni notes are listed under the decade in which the majority of their camper years fall. If camper years are evenly split in two decades, they are listed in the decade in which the alumnus was an older camper.*



*The Color Guard at the Alumni Reunion: from left, Alec Southall, Nate Carmody, Cesar Collantes, Brandon Neblett, Jay West, and Tommy Sutro. Photo courtesy of Frank Sulloway.*

## The 1920s, 30s and 40s

On November 1st, **Alvah Sulloway** died at the age of ninety. A life-long tennis player, Alvah was a generous supporter of Pasquaney in general and the tennis program in particular. On top of his regular, strong support of the Annual Fund, a recent gift is funding the reconstruction of the second court. Pasquaney campers and counsellors have benefitted greatly from his support and will continue to benefit into the future. His grandson, **Clark Sulloway**, was a first-year camper last summer.

After reading Dick Beyer's article on Pasquaney during the Second World War and the 1943 *Annual* roundup which noted his "Jamming with Mr. Charlie and Jack Bolton," **Buddy Dodge** wrote to the office that sixty-one years later, he is the back-up organist for his church! His grandson, **Will Peterson**, will be in his fourth year as a camper this summer.

**Lester Kinsolving**, shown on the cover of the last issues of the *White Birch*, is "still going strong as a member of the White House press corps," according to his brother William.

**William Tucker** passed away while on a trip to Russia in October. His wife, Carol, wrote "He was diagnosed at a Moscow hospital with kidney failure and died a week later of complications related to it. I know Pasquaney meant a lot to him. He enjoyed reading news of the camp over the years." Our condolences to Carol and her family.

**William (Barry) Register** wrote in to Pasquaney after reading the last issue of the *White Birch* and seeing **Lester Kinsolving** on the cover. "I remember Lester Kinsolving

umpiring our baseball games, and our not being in complete agreement with his balls and strikes when I was pitching in 1943. In '44, we had a much better pitcher in a fella named **Bill Porter** [ed. note: **Dick Porter**], as I recall his name. For some unfathomable reason I was named captain of a Junior baseball team in '43 and '44. I don't have a '44 Annual, but I read years ago some mention of tight ball games between **Tony Ponvert's** team and mine. I do not recall those games, but I am grateful somebody did! Being a camper from 1941-44, that was an excellent article by Dick Beyer with that shot of Pop and Mr. Charlie. Brings back memories. I remember the night the whole Camp got together and surprised Charlie by saying for the first time, during his rounds, "Good Night, MR. Charlie, I have brushed my teeth" ... And in those years, there was an excellent quoits player named **Marshall Jones**, who threw more ringers than anyone!



*Tom Oleson (left) and Dave Hughes (right) at the Bubbles Banquet. Photo courtesy of Frank Sulloway.*

## The 1950s and 60s

**Fred Pittman** called Pasquaney last summer to request a copy of Mr. Charlie's *A Portrait of Pasquaney*. Fred recalls, as a student at Yale singing in the Glee Club, being called into the office of glee club director Marshall Bartholomew and interim and future director Fenno Heath. Mr. Barty, for years director of Pasquaney singing, and Fenno Heath, who had been recruited by Barty to direct singing at Pasquaney in earlier summers, sat Fred down and told him that they had decided what he was going to do with his next summer. "What is that?" he asked. He was going to be a counsellor at Camp Pasquaney. Fred, a native of the Mississippi Delta, said he had never seen a mountain, much less climbed one. His summer at Pasquaney directing the singing, teaching swimming, and tutoring campers made him an avid trail hiker. That year, 1953, with its skeleton crew of counsellors during the Korean War, began the long Pasquaney careers of many, among them **Bob Bulkeley**, **John Gemmill**, and **Butch West**. Fred is currently living in North Carolina, on a 74-acre farm he purchased about sixteen years ago. He wrote that "the area is mostly national forest and we are on the side of three different mountain ranges that encircle the

valley. The Appalachian Trail is above the national forest that is above my farm on the mountainside. Much about this area reminded me of the White Mountains, though somewhat less tall. Not too far away - 12 miles or so - is Mt. Rogers, the tallest of the Virginia mountains. I try to hike as much as my failing knees allow and I leave Shady Valley about three years younger than when I arrive. I still remember the cry 'radner' when I'm hiking there and come across a wet place in the trail. Don't believe I've come across this word since my summer at Pasquaney."

**Francisco Recio** visited camp this fall with his wife Irene, daughter Ana and son-in-law Chris. Having not visited in twenty-two years since his son **Frank Recio** (P'84) was a camper, he reported that "it was great to feel as though I had never left."



*Gwathmey Tyler, Nelson Adams and Terry Tyler catch up before Opening Ceremonies during the reunion. Photo courtesy of Frank Sulloway.*

**Dave Reed** was recently commended by the *Record Enterprise* for his work as Executive Director of Main Street Plymouth, N.H. The paper noted Dave's ability "to work with Town Hall and other community organizations to accomplish projects of mutual concern." Congratulations, Dave!

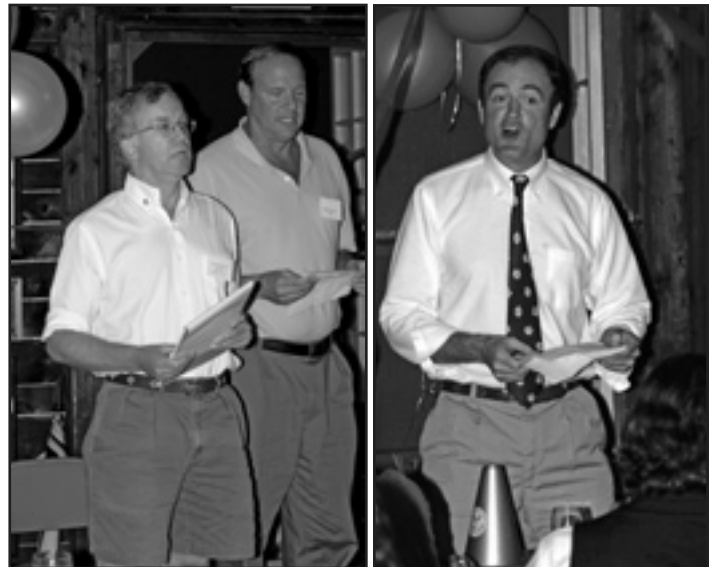
**Anne duPont Valk**, an architect of Pasquaney's strength, passed away earlier this fall. As Mr. Charlie relates in *Portrait of Pasquaney*, the Valks laid the foundation for Pasquaney's endowment in 1957 by initiating a gift of \$150,000 to spur the campaign later known as the Edward S. Wilson Memorial Fund. Over the years the Valks have remained loyal supporters of Pasquaney's mission, providing funds to secure Camp's long-range future. Those of us who have benefited from the sustained generosity of the Valks, whether campers, counsellors, parents, or staff, cannot express enough gratitude for their support. As Mr. Charlie wrote of Anne, "Her devotion to Pasquaney is as inspiring today as it was [50] years ago."



*Brooke Sulloway shows he hasn't lost his touch for Table Duty. Alums pitched in during duties to set up tables, clean dishes, and sweep dorms! Photo courtesy of Frank Sulloway.*

**Howie Baetjer** received the award for outstanding teacher for the 2005-2006 year at Towson University in the College of Business and Economics. Howie also returned for two days last summer to contribute those teaching skills to the Pasquaney sailing program and to bring his infectious energy and enthusiasm to the hillside. Thanks, Howie, and congratulations!

**Don Butler's** son and daughter visited camp on July 1. His daughter went to Hamilton with Jack Reigeluth, who is a current counsellor. Don has just retired from a career as a doctor in radiology and lives in Easton, Connecticut. His brother Doug is head of the English Department at the College of St. Rose in Albany, New York.



*Doug Reigeluth (left), Fred Dittmann (center) and Mr. Vinnie (right) sang the lead tune from the HMS Bubbliana, at the Bubbles Banquet. Photos courtesy of Frank Sulloway.*

The majority of the photographs in the Alumni News section were taken and donated to Pasquaney by Frank Sulloway. Thank You, Frank!



*Steve Dittmann (left) and Shep Griswold (right) plan a hike through Notchpost on Saturday morning during the reunion.*

*Photo courtesy of Frank Sulloway.*

**Jay Johnston** called about procuring quoits this fall. He had a very accurate toss according to Mr. Vinnie! Jay lives in Mill Valley, California, with his wife and children. He works for Smith-Barney.

**Frank Sulloway**, the photographer of this summer's Alumni Reunion, will be making his eleventh trip in the last 38 years to the Galapagos Islands in January 2008. There he will be "documenting ecological changes owing to the effects of introduced species, such as feral animals and invasive plant species, as well as ascertaining growth rates and survival trends in several species of slowly growing cacti, using old photographs taken over four decades. Cacti have been disappearing in the Galapagos, and I am trying to shed light on the causes of this loss. In collaboration with an Australian ornithologist, I am also conducting research on the evolution of one of the fourteen species of Darwin's famous finches. I am also engaged in testing Darwin's theory of naturalization ... Some former Pasquaney campers might be interested to know that I usually take a few nonscientists with me during my field trips in the Galapagos, which generally last about two weeks. Such participants help with the research being conducted and, by exploring and camping in the field, they get to experience at first hand a side of the Galapagos Islands that tourists never see."

**Willie de Zaldo**, his wife and eighteen-year-old son are living in Boca Raton, Florida, where Willie is vice president of a golf course equipment company.

### The 1970s and 80s

**Pete Carey** and Karen Stetson recently returned from a refreshing two-week vacation in Key West and Captiva. Both were celebrating 50th birthdays and decided a special trip was in order! We're all wishing Pete the best

with the bar exam in February!

**Tommy Hill** celebrated his 50th birthday on December 17th after a gathering the night before organized by his wife, Kemp. Among his family and friends in the celebration were Tommy's daughter, Virginia Hill and her brothers, Pasquaney campers **Matthew** and **Edward Hill** and counsellor **Harrison Hill**; Tommy's parents, Ruth and alum **Billy Hill**; and other Pasquaney veterans: **Chris Granger**, **Howie Baetjer**, and **Vin Broderick**. Among the toasts were recollections of lifesaving raft records and natural history mysteries Tommy had been asked to solve as nature counsellor.

On Sunday, December 17th, **Edward Norton** introduced the Maryland Premiere of his new movie, *The Painted Veil*, as a benefit for Howard County General Hospital. The event raised over \$350,000, a record for the Senator Theatre in Baltimore, where the film was screened. In the audience were Ed's siblings, **Jim** and **Molly**; **Butch**, **Peggy**, **John**, **Jay**, and **Alan West**; **Ted** and **Ann Barron Winstead**; **George** and **Ann Barker**, parents of **Van Barker**; **Trey Winstead** and his parents, **Carol** and **Tee Winstead**; **Louie Rouse**; **Rossie** and **Sandy Fisher**, parents of **Murray Fisher**; and **Vin Broderick**. **Bill** and **Libby Winstead** were among the sponsors of the event. From his summer quarters in Boise, Idaho, **Jim Norton** was about to head to China where he guides raft trips during the winter in association with Mountain Travel Sobek.

**Greig Simpson** enjoyed a scuba diving trip with an old college friend to Turks and Caicos the week after Thanksgiving.



*Enjoying the Waterfont never gets old. Back row, from left, Matt Harris, Stone Harris, and Chad Hussey. Front row, from left, Steve Brownell, Steve Hibbard, and Kurt McCandless. Photo courtesy of Frank Sulloway.*

Additional photographs from the Alumni Reunion can be found on the Pasquaney Website, in the "Photos" section of the "Alumni" tab.

**David Sinclair** was married this past June. He reported that his sons Devon and Jordan spent their summers at Camp Belknap, Marine Biology School, and traveling to Ontario, France and Spain.

Despite lower numbers than usual, The 16th annual "Midnight Run" was attended by founding fathers **Nate Carmody**, **Brandon Neblett**, **Alec Southall** and **Jay West** over the weekend of October 21st in Athens, Georgia. The weather could not have been better, and the quoit pits were set up in a park across the street from the hotel. Nate threw sixteen ringers on Saturday alone! The annual road trip, which Nate called, "Pasquaney's longest continuously operating alumni event," started in 1991 when the aforementioned crew made their way to South Bend for the Notre Dame-Tennessee game. Since that time, varying groups of alums have convened for a premier college football game from Palo Alto to Penn State, Boulder to Baton Rouge!



*Al Bocoock (left) and Jack Bocoock (right) construct a bonfire as only they can during the reunion! Photo courtesy of Frank Sulloway.*

**Ted Keysor** was married in Newport, Rhode Island, on June 3rd to Erin Roberts of Newport. He and Erin, along with **Dwight** and **John**, were all guests at the reunion this summer.

**Barksdale Maynard** and his wife, Susan, had their first baby this fall, Alexander Barksdale Maynard. Congratulations, Barksdale!

**Will Randall** and his wife are happy to announce the birth of their son Fairfax Hoey Randall, born on September 7th!

**Elliot Smith** and his family have returned to Houston, Texas, after spending a year-and-a-half in Singapore. "We had a great time abroad, but we are happy to be back near friends and family."

**Teddy Winstead** and his wife Ann Baron welcomed their new son Wyatt to the world this fall!



*The crew of this year's Midnight Run. From left to right Alec Southall, Bill Browning, Jay West, Brandon Neblett, and Nate Carmody. Photo courtesy of Alec Southall.*

## The 1990s and 2000s

**Briggs Anderson** will be deployed to Iraq in mid-January. A Marine lieutenant, Briggs will be serving as a Motor Transport Platoon Commander leading convoys of troops and supplies.

**Axel Bohlke** is working in Brussels for management consulting firm Roland Berger in a training program for the next two to three years. His brother, **Anders**, worked for a Belgian architecture company for two years and now is getting his masters in architecture and sustainable development in Lausanne, Switzerland.

**Alden Cadwell** and Caroline Mabon were married at Pasquaney on September 9th. The ceremony began in the chapel, but soon moved to the theatre due to weather none of the guests will soon forget! However after the exchange of vows the sun came out and everyone enjoyed dinner in a transformed Mem Hall, followed by dancing in the Theatre. Congratulations, Alden and Caroline!



*The Louisville Crew! From bow to stern: Gwathmey, Terry, Davis and Gwathmey Tyler Jr. Photo courtesy of Jim Creamer.*



**Bill Cummiskey** was engaged this winter! He wrote in to the office with the story: "We took the T to Park Street, where our church is, and got out to walk across the park to dinner. When we had walked a little ways, with the lighted steeple and Christmas tree in the background, I (having scouted the position) knelt and popped the question (while she was saying, really? seriously?). Her 'Yes' came approximately .00001 seconds later. Then we had a wonderful evening calling family, enjoying dinner and relaxing at home. I slept twelve hours [the following] night. I guess I was pretty anxious about the whole thing!"

**Joe Dillingham** met up with **Jesse Allen** for Thanksgiving. He reported that **Patrick** is doing well working for a tech company in Mountain View, California. Back in New Orleans, **Charlie Dillingham** is the managing director of a start up video production company, and is preparing to graduate from the New Orleans Conservatory of Music and Dramatic Arts this spring. You can enjoy some of his wonderful banjo playing by visiting <http://youtube.com/watch?v=7BrCHTF6JOQ>.

Fans of Old Siwash can now find a copy thanks to **Justin Hammill**, who wrote to the office that copies are available for around thirty dollars through the Knox College bookstore's website. Thanks, Justin!

**Jaime Hickey-Mendoza** is a semester away from finishing law school at the University of Wisconsin and is looking forward to reconnecting with Pasquaney friends in New York City after graduating. He writes, "I'm still trying to figure out what type of lawyer I want to be ... At this point I am hoping to practice criminal law at first. Criminal law practice really provides the best opportunity to litigate straight out of school. I am applying to the different district attorney and public defender offices in New York City, though I hope to work for the Manhattan District Attorney's Office. I worked there this past summer and the experience was amazing. I realized it would give me the opportunity to have a big impact on the public good. Now, all I have to do is pass the New York bar exam this summer!"

Last June, **Lee Hope** graduated from the University of



*Trey Winstead pitches a quoit at the Nationals of the Pasquaney Alumni Quoits League this summer. Also pictured from left to right, Doug Camp (behind Trey), Peter Simpson, Will Kryder, James Gregg and Dave Ryder. Photo courtesy of Frank Sulloway.*

Denver with an International MBA, with a focus on hotel management.

Anne Kotomski, wife of Pasquaney shop counsellor **Walter Kotomski** passed away earlier this year. Born on November 12, 1930 in Worchester, Massachusetts she and Walt were married on June 30th, 1956. In her memory, several pieces of shop equipment were donated to the shop program.



*Many alumni joined Alden Cadwell and Caroline Mabon at their Pasquaney wedding on September 9th. Shown here from far left, bottom row, are Vin Broderick, Michael Hanrahan, Caroline Mabon, Alden Cadwell, Isaac Cadwell-Levine, Scott Kennedy, Gus Murphy and Bob Thomson. Back row from left, Tommy Mayer (at least, the top of his head!), Chris Cadwell, Andrew Riley, Chris Reigeluth (behind Gus) and Jake MacArthur. Photo courtesy of Nan Mabon.*

**Jack Reigeluth** finished his final semester at Hamilton college by studying abroad in India. While there, he wrote "I was taking Urdu and Hindi last month and this month have continued my Hindi, and am trying to learn Urdu out of the classroom with the help of my host family in Jaipur. I am hopefully going to be able to meet with a Ghazal singer later today and should be able to meet with an Urdu poet next week." Jack returned to

the U.S. briefly, before heading off to teach at the Winter Term in Switzerland for the winter.

**Andrew Ward** passed away unexpectedly last April. After spending four years working for Xerox Corp in San Francisco, Andrew had recently moved to Louisville where he joined the Investment Real Estate Department of National



*Mem Hall was packed during meals at the reunion, as guests went through the normal routines of a Camp day. Shown here from left to right are John Keysor, Ted Keysor, and Phil Hooper. Photo courtesy of Frank Sulloway.*

City Bank as a credit analyst. *The Courier Journal* noted in his obituary that, "Andrew had a passion for life and living it to the fullest ... His many friends and his loving family's lives are diminished by his untimely death."

**John Warren** is living in St. Louis and working for Trammell Crow Kromback Partners, a commercial real estate firm. He stays in touch with camp friends like Chris Reigeluth and still enjoys a good ribbing now and then!

**Rob Denious** and **Tyler Ostholthoff** are both enjoying Division 3 NCAA soccer at Amherst and Wheaton respectively. Both played in the same tournament on November 11th hosted by Amherst, but did not have a chance to meet head to head in a game. Rob writes, "Our teams both had great seasons to earn tournament berths and hopefully we'll both be back [in tournament play] next year."

**Gus Harwood** was one of thirty students working for nine weeks at the Jackson Laboratory this past summer. He wrote in that "We are individually working under the mentorship of different scientists. I am trying to find genes that affect HDL (the "good" cholesterol) levels. My lab of seven people, mostly post-docs, is focused on trying to find these genes. We use mice for research due mainly to their quick generations and remarkable similarity to humans. If we can find the genes that affect HDL in mice, it is likely that those genes are the same ones in humans. It is pretty interesting work and at the same time important."

### Omissions & Corrections

We apologize to Hunter Harris and Peter Denious, who were both accidentally left off the Annual Report in the last issue of the *White Birch*.

### - 2007 Camp Schedule -

Saturday, June 23 - Camp Opens  
 July 2 - July 6 Camping Expeditions  
 July 23 - July 28 Long Walk  
 August 4 - 5 Trustees' Weekend  
 August 11 - 12 Water Sports Weekend  
 Sunday, August 12 - Camp Closes

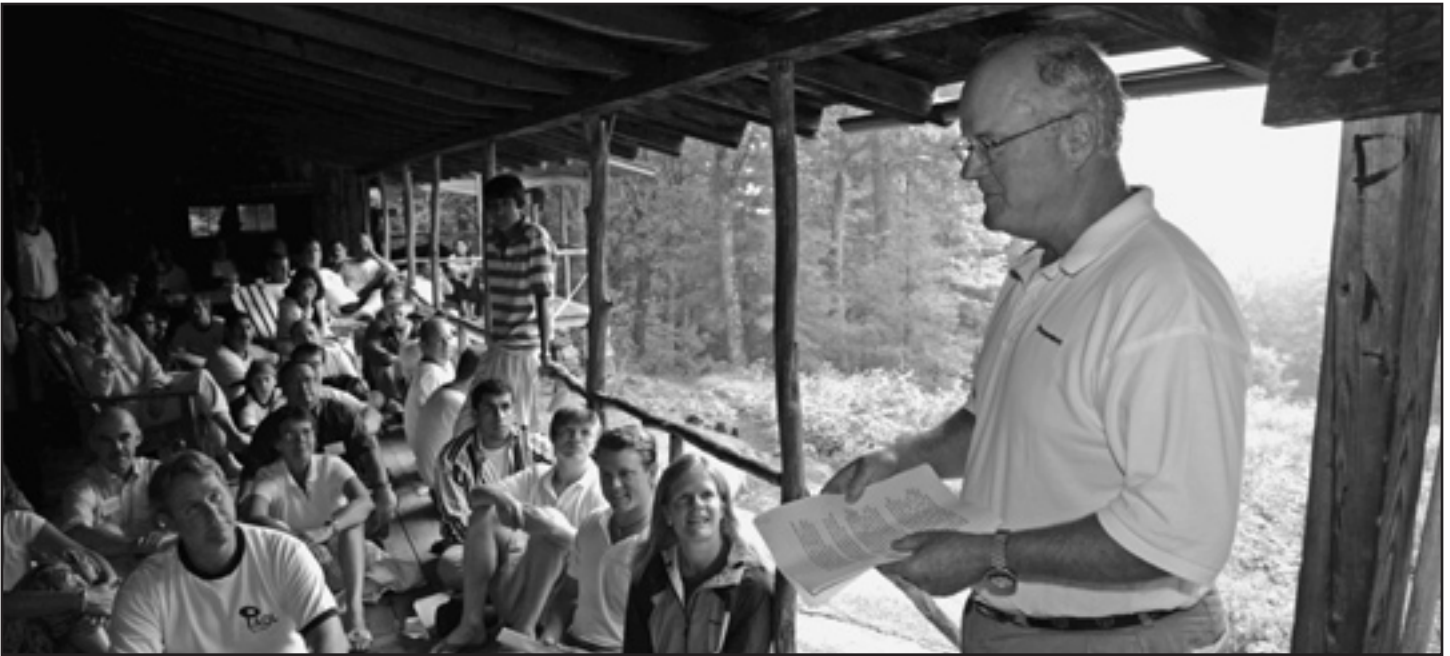
**Alisher Persheyev** recently wrote: "I have just picked my compulsory third year abroad destination: Almaty, Kazakhstan. My degree is a joint one - Business Studies and Russian Studies. Through my Russian part of the degree I have to spend my third year of the four-year bachelors degree programme abroad, in an ex-Soviet state where Russian is a dominant language. Since I am going to have a project to do for my business and the requirement of my Russian part is to live there, I will study a bit of history in Kazakhstan. I will also have ample amount of time for potential employment or an internship."

**Tyler Tarun** is doing well as a sophomore at New Trier High School, participating in debate. He spent last summer at a debate institute at Wake Forest University.

**Trey Winstead** and his brother Peter are making progress with The Baltimore Lift, their innovative idea for creating a gondola-style transportation system for Baltimore. More than two-thirds of those surveyed in a recent study were in favor of the idea! Good luck, Trey and Peter!



*Cesar "The Coordinator" Collantes was presented with a picture of Headquarters in thanks for his organization of the reunion weekend. Photo courtesy of Frank Sulloway.*



*Bob Thompson delivers his Tree Talk on Dana Porch. Photo courtesy of Frank Sulloway.*

## Bob Thompson on Bob Bulkeley and Pasquaney

### Excerpts from his Tree Talk at the Alumni Reunion

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As a 13 year old boy, I stepped foot on this landscape “where the granite is screened by the pine” 47 years ago this summer. An amiable first year counsellor, who was headed for Yale that fall, led the boys of Lower Tradition. Not long into that summer, I found a chink in the armor of that neophyte and brazenly put a spider under his bunk. That may have been the last time Bubbles jumped up on a bunk, as we used to say when announcing leisurely half-mile swims.... “in no time at all.” Bubbles’ payback, however, was making sure that the nickname created for me by a fellow camper named David Waud stuck for life. Somehow, those endearing camp names become lifetime Velcro ...

Since 1959, I have come and gone from this hillside many times, as have most of you, but Bubbles has stayed consistently. It is an impressive tribute to the impact that he has had on all of us that so many are gathered on this porch this afternoon to honor his commitment and loyalty to each of us, and most especially to Pasquaney.

Many of us can recall the traditional Opening Ceremonies when Mr. Charlie, with great fanfare, would introduce one of Pasquaney’s original campers and invite him to say a few words ... a man with such a classic New England name - C. Miffin Frothingham. Miff would shuffle his way from the Headquarters porch, and stand before us. Think of it! A man who had actually stood with Mr. Ned in 1895, just up there, and watched Spider McNulty dangling from the flagpole.

This legend was now before us. Even the ubiquitous chipmunks stood still for a moment in rapt anticipa-

tion. As we prepared to savor his pearls of wisdom, Miff slowly opened his mouth, and bellowed, “Boys, my days at Pasquaney were the happiest summers of my life!” We all applauded politely as the chipmunks scampered off and Miff shuffled back to Headquarters. As a youth, I thought ... Was that was all there was? Some old man talking about the happiest summers of his life?

In retrospect, of course, Miff was absolutely right. Like Lincoln at Gettysburg, with Long Blues, white hair, and no beard, in a few words Miff had said something that has been felt so intensely by most of us assembled here.

How fortunate we are that there is a place in our hectic lives to which we can return, and find that SO MUCH remains the same. This grounds each of us, and serves to recharge our batteries with every visit.

I feel I learned to think at Pasquaney. I didn’t always STOP first, but I learned to think critically about what was and is truly important in life. Moreover, I learned to communicate here. I learned to stand on my feet and talk in a public setting. The confidence we all obtained by being on the stage of the Watson Theatre, or in a Council meeting, or making announcements in Mem Hall - all of this gave us the ability to express our thoughts and beliefs both publicly and privately.

We all learned, in the innocence of our youth, what it means to act as a responsible and contributing member of a community. We learned to be our best selves. ... We all learned how to properly sweep a broom! And most emphatically, we all learned to make close and lifelong friendships – of all ages.

## Bob Bulkeley Reflects on his Pasquaney Experience

### Excerpts from his Remarks at the Summer Alumni Reunion

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Wherein lies the magic of Pasquaney? Why after fifty-three summers is opening day still thrilling and the closing after chapel so deeply caring and emotional? Why are we willing to work hard every day to do our best, to be our best, to make the lives of others better? Other institutions have claimed us as their own, but none have we embraced so dearly as Pasquaney.

There can never be a complete answer, for Pasquaney is a symbol rich in meaning and one which expands and deepens for each of us over the years. Symbols are never fully defined; they are by definition open ended and undefined. But still we try to unravel the mysterious and see the unknown. This attempt at understanding is an intellectual and personal journey.

Pasquaney is a touchstone by which we measure worth and give meaning to life's events. It is a certainty, a fixity-- something constant and permanent. At Mr. Charlie's retirement thirty-two years ago Seymour St. John quoted Robert Frost's poem that reads "take something like a star / To stay our minds on and be staid." "Staid," something fixed, supportive and certain, also proper and upright. That we return to Camp and

I know that my teaching was as much of an excuse for continuing my work at Camp as it was my chosen field of winter work. Without the rejuvenation provided by camp and working with campers each summer, I might well have left the teaching profession earlier than I did. Pasquaney has been uplifting and sustaining.

We have lived richly here, with much humor and good fun ... It is a very full life here and very real in the sense that the human spirit is real and growth is real, and caring is real. The so-called real world is absent—no money, no dressy clothes, and few 20<sup>th</sup> or 21<sup>st</sup> century trappings. The tone and the culture is the same, but the physical world of Camp has undergone many changes ...

The more meaningful high spots are the probably hundreds of campers whom I was able to work with closely and whose growth has given me deep satisfaction and fulfillment. This is the real reward of being at Camp. Pasquaney is a rich fellowship, likely the richest we will ever know ...

Common values, strong ideals, firm convictions and durable traditions underlie the Pasquaney spirit. It is an underpinning of great strength, and it becomes our



1956 C.O.I.s



1966 Council



1976 Council

see what we had left, maybe years before, just as healthy and vital as when we left it is more than comforting. It provides hope that good lasts and perseveres even in such uncertain and troubled times as today. And during World Wars and depressions, it has remained strong because it has inspired "love, dedication and service", because it has demanded much of us, and as we have given much, it has become part of us. This act of incorporation, the embodiment of Pasquaney, has fortified us with ideals, timeless truths that guide and govern our lives. They make our path through life more certain and much more fruitful. It directs us through the maze of adult life.

Reflecting on my own journey, it is clear that my interest in education came from my COI years where helping younger people through rough periods became rewarding and a central purpose of life at Camp.

underpinning for our lives. Couple that foundation with shared laughter, joy, friendships and fellowship, respect for one another, deep thoughtfulness and consideration, and a bedrock of honesty and you have an elixir that once tasted is never forgotten. Pasquaney becomes the measurer of all things, a yardstick rarely rivaled in life, and I dare say rarely if ever surpassed. Many of us have committed a large share of our lives to it with great reward and satisfaction.

People sometimes love Pasquaney too much. I am reminded of the counsellor who attended a Sigma Alpha meeting on his honeymoon, or those who took their brides to Crawford Notch for a honeymoon. While it is a way station in life, it is the most important port of call. It is a visiting place for most, but some of us never leave! And I suspect for most, it never leaves us. It keeps us staid, fixed and focused.

## Mr. Vinnie Remarks on Bob's Tenure at Pasquaney

### Excerpts from his Speech at the "Bubbles Banquet"

Opening Day 1953 began a Pasquaney career that so far numbers fifty-three summers, a career that would lead to overseeing incalculable half-mile swims and that unique tradition, the obstacle race. An obstacle race demands quickness on our feet, stopping and thinking, and endurance, all traits of Bob Bulkeley ...

Throughout his camp career, Bob has always been the easiest person to recognize. He still looks unchanged and youthful. He told me a few years ago that working with young people is what keeps him young.

Bubbles tells first year counsellors that we learn more in the first two years on the council than at any other time in our camp careers. With the variety of roles he served, it is certainly no surprise that he did.

One of Bob's most important gifts to Pasquaney has been his vigilance: For so many of us he has offered his good counsel and support in individual conversations and in larger groups. I especially remember and appreciate his advice throughout the summer I took over as director and his encouragement to enjoy myself. He has a way of generating practical, logistical solutions in no time. He has a rare ability to see the big picture and

when I think of it belongs to Bubbles. His insight about boys at council meeting is invaluable and perceptive.

Many of you may not realize that Bubbles is at the flagpole virtually every reveille of the summer. The COD, the COIs, the Director or the counsellor covering the Shack, and Bubbles. More reveilles, probably than anyone else, past, present, and probably future. On his way up the hill each morning, he gives a little cough. It may not be intended, but I have often thought this cough was a little nudge in case my alarm had not done the job.

There is a poem that I have struggled to find that ends with words something like this: "In these little services we can feel all of the low rumble of protection." Those words apply beautifully to Bubbles.

The low rumble of protection. We hear it in his forty-two seasons of vigilance as director of the Pasquaney waterfront, in the voice, that powerful reverberating voice that Bob says was learned, but that can carry great distances over the lake. And we feel it in his care watching from his perch in the NW corner of the bathhouse platform.

That corner is also the consultation center.



1986 Council



1996 Council



2006 Council

the details at the same time. He will often know which person would be the ideal match for a particular position or task.

In his enduring service to camp he has become a central part of life here, and his commitment to Pasquaney is deep and powerful, as is his presence. The presence can be light and playful as well, in Bubblesisms, for example: "The cornucopia of activities," the "plethora" of energy, "Gyro Gearloose," "dinky races," and in his sense of drama reporting the breaking of the ½ mile record. As campers we can probably all remember the periodic laughter that would emanate from council meetings during Sunday rest. The laugh I always hear

Bubbles tells new counsellors that if they are sitting around between times talking to a boy or two, they are doing their job. That corner is one of the main places Bubbles is doing his job, talking with boys and counsellors.

The low rumble of protection.

The shirt commemorating this weekend displays a Gil Bovaird drawing of Bubbles's domain, the Bathhouse. I would like to present to Bubbles a framed copy of that drawing, in thanks for all that he has done for Pasquaney and for providing not just the low rumble, but also the loud rumble of protection.

For a full version of these speeches by Bob Thompson, Bob Bulkeley, and Mr. Vinnie, log on to the new Pasquaney Website and visit the "Historical Papers" section of the Archives & Publications tab.



*The Long Walk Returning in 1969. Leading the song is Charlie Platt, III; Mr. Vinnie is fifth from the left in the back row of singers! Photo from the 1969 Annual.*

## The Long Walk Song Why It Exists and How it Evolved

by Charlie Platt, III

On Saturday, August 5<sup>th</sup>, 2006, four-fifths of Camp Pasquaney sat on the steps and deck of Mem Hall waiting for the other fifth, the Long Walk, to come trudging slowly up the hill saving breath for the Long Walk Song they would soon be singing. As Long Walk leader, Andrew Riely, came into view the group murmured, "Here they come." One of the high points of the summer was about to happen.

How the Long Walk Song came to be and evolved during a time span of eighty-four years is the subject of this article.

The tradition of having the song seems to have begun in 1922. At least the Pasquaney *Annual* of that year is the first to mention it. We never stop to ask the question, "Why a song?" but just assume that it is a natural response to a week's adventures. But is it?

Search for precedents in the two camps which preceded Pasquaney, Chocorua (1881-1889) and Asquam (1885-1909). You will not find precedents, although both camps had Long Walk equivalents; Chocorua had a Long Voyage and Asquam a Long Trip. However in each case the whole camp went. Who would return from an adventure and sing a song to themselves?

To illustrate how the song evolved over the years here is the 1922 song, sung to the tune "As We Go Marching."

*Here's to Marney Crosman, with blistered feet and toes;*

*He's called Old Man of the Mountain wherever  
the Long Walk Goes;*

*At tramping o'er the rocky roads his luck is simply punk;  
And it breaks his heart to climb in the cart  
and ride with Bob and Bunk.*

There are four more verses, each about a counsellor on the walk, and after each there is a chorus:

*As we go marching, and Tommy Hawes begins to P-L-A-Y,  
You can hear us shouting: How many miles are we going to  
walk today?*

The style of the song, more about people than the trip, persisted through 1938. The 1939 walk to Mt. Washington changed the focus a little from people to the trip because the hike was new and exciting; however there was still something about each counsellor. Having personality verses seems to have become an obligation. Even as late as 1949, my first Long Walk, four verses were about the trip; however the fifth verse was about the walk's leaders.

The first song to eliminate the personality verse was 1951. From then on down to today the song is about the trip and is useful for remembering what was accomplished.

Returning to a question asked earlier in this article: Why is there a song? I attempted an answer then but failed. Did anyone ever ask? If so we may never know for sure who it was. Perhaps Richard A. Kimball, author of the 1922 song, was that person; but the *Annual* does not say so.

Singing has always been a big part of camp life. Perhaps there's no more to it than that.

## Jim Marshall Joins the Year-Round Staff as Pasquaney's Bookkeeper

A New Hampshire resident since 1972, Jim Marshall is no stranger to the world of camps and non-profits. Raised in North Carolina and Pennsylvania, he spent many of his summers on Squam Lake where his grandparents first met at Rockywold and where his family still owns property. Jim also spent two summers as a sailing counsellor at Camp Deerwood after attending camps as a boy in North Carolina.

Jim's financial background includes work in both real estate and retail. During the 1990s, Jim kept the books for the American Groundwater Trust, a non-profit educational organization dedicated "to providing accurate information about water resources and water wells," to homeowners, teachers and community planners. He also worked in the software industry, specializing in the sale of accounting software.

Jim recently launched his own company, HJ Marshall Associates, whose mission is "to be a leading resource to the non-profit community providing accounting, bookkeeping and donor management services ... enabling nonprofits to focus their financial and human resources on fulfilling their mission." With a growing list of clients in New Hampshire such as the New Hampshire Center for Nonprofits and the Circle Program, Jim hopes to serve the nonprofit sector exclusively.

Welcome aboard, Jim!



*Pasquaney's new bookkeeper, Jim Marshall.*



*A familiar sight to those of us who have been at camp the last four summers has been Pete working diligently in the office.*

## Pete Carey Moving on to Law Practice

After three years of service to Pasquaney, Pete Carey has decided to pursue a law practice full time in New Hampshire.

Since joining camp in 2003, Pete has brought energy and organization to his work. As Pasquaney's chief liaison with vendors, and local, state and federal officials, Pete has quietly and diligently handled much of the administrative work that underpins camp's mission. From working with insurance agents to White Mountain National Forest guides, Pete ensured that the bills were paid on time and that camp met all regulations.

Pete also became an active force in protecting the environment around Pasquaney in particular and Newfound Lake in general. A member of the Newfound Lake Region Association, Pete served on their board as head of their capital campaign and then as their president. His ongoing efforts to protect the region surrounding Pasquaney are invaluable.

Those of us who have served on the council with Pete will remember his wonderful sense of humor, his meticulously organized office, and his friendly, helpful manner. Many of us have stayed with him at his beautiful Bed and Breakfast in Hebron, and look forward to continued visits!

We will miss you Pete!

# New Website Successfully Launched!

Pasquaney's new website, [www.pasquaney.org](http://www.pasquaney.org), successfully launched at the start of this fall.

One of the highlights for Alumni and friends of Camp has been the *Archives and Publications* tab, where past Tree Talks, Chapel Talks, issues of the *White Birch*, *Annuals* and old photographs are being archived in a searchable database. Chapel Talks by Mr. Teddy, Mr. Charlie, Pop Watson, Mr. Gem-John and Mr. Vinnie are all posted along with many others. If you are looking for a great refresher of the Pasquaney spirit, they are wonderful resource.

Over forty people have also already signed up for the *Alumni Directory*, a voluntary, password-protected listing of email addresses and locations to help old friends stay in touch and to make finding fellow Pasquaney alumni in your area easier. Log on and register today or call if you have any questions!

## Mr. Vinnie's Travel Schedule

Look for Mr. Vinnie and Alumni Gatherings in the following cities in the next few months!

Philadelphia  
Baltimore  
Washington, D.C.  
Richmond  
Louisville  
Detroit  
New York

We are still lining up hosts and dates, but will keep an up-to-date schedule on the "Gatherings" section of the Alumni tab on the Pasquaney Website. If you have any interest in hosting an event, or know of a local family who might be interested in sending their son to camp, please contact Michael Hanrahan at [mhanrahan@pasquaney.org](mailto:mhanrahan@pasquaney.org).



### Camp Pasquaney

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